

The Tragedy of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to Elsonoure.

Ros. Good my Lord.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player heere

But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion

Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, and his whole function futing

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weepe for her: what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for passion

That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,

Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damnd defeat was made: am I a coward,

Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throate

As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,

Hah! wounds I should take it; for it cannot be

But I am nidgeon liuerd, and lacke gall

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

I should haue fatted all the region kytes

With this slaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,

Remorselesse, treacherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.

Why what an Ass am I? this is most braue,

That I the sonne of a deere father murdered,

Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,

Must like a whore vnpack my heart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallion, sic vppont, soh.

About my braines, hum, I haue heard,

That guilty creatures sitting at a play,

Haue by the very cunning of the scene,

Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently

They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:

For further though it haue no tongue will speake

With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these Players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,

Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do blench

I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene

May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power

To assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,

Out of my weakenesse and my melancholly,

As hee is very potent with such spirits,

Abuses mee to damne mee; Ile haue grounds

More relatiue then this, the play's the thing

Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King.

Exit.

Enter King, Quene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gyl-
densterne, Lords

King. And can you by no drift of conference

Get from him why hee puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Ros. He dooes confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,

But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.

Gyl. Nor do wee find him forward to be sounded,

But with a crafty madnes keepes aloofe

When we would bring him on to some confession

G.